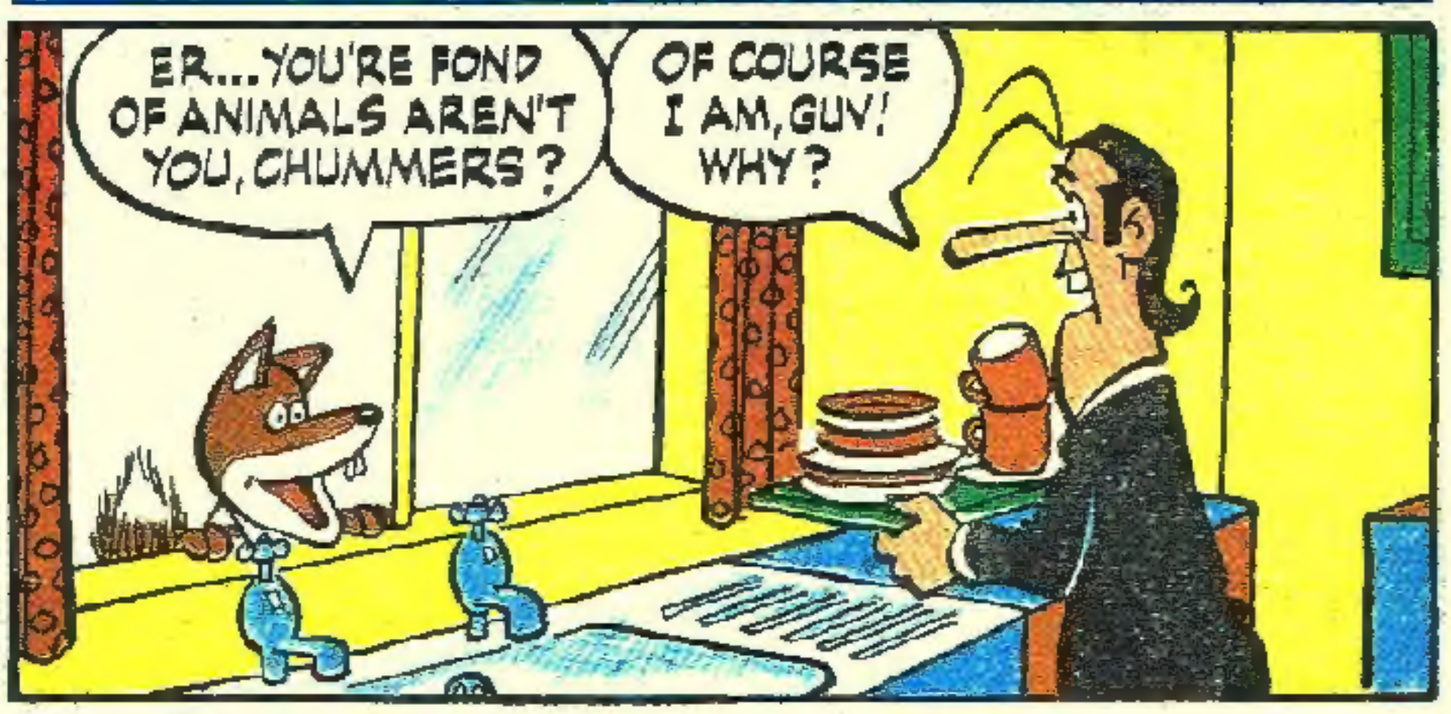
SKATEBOARDING ACTION WITH THE KICKTAIL KID

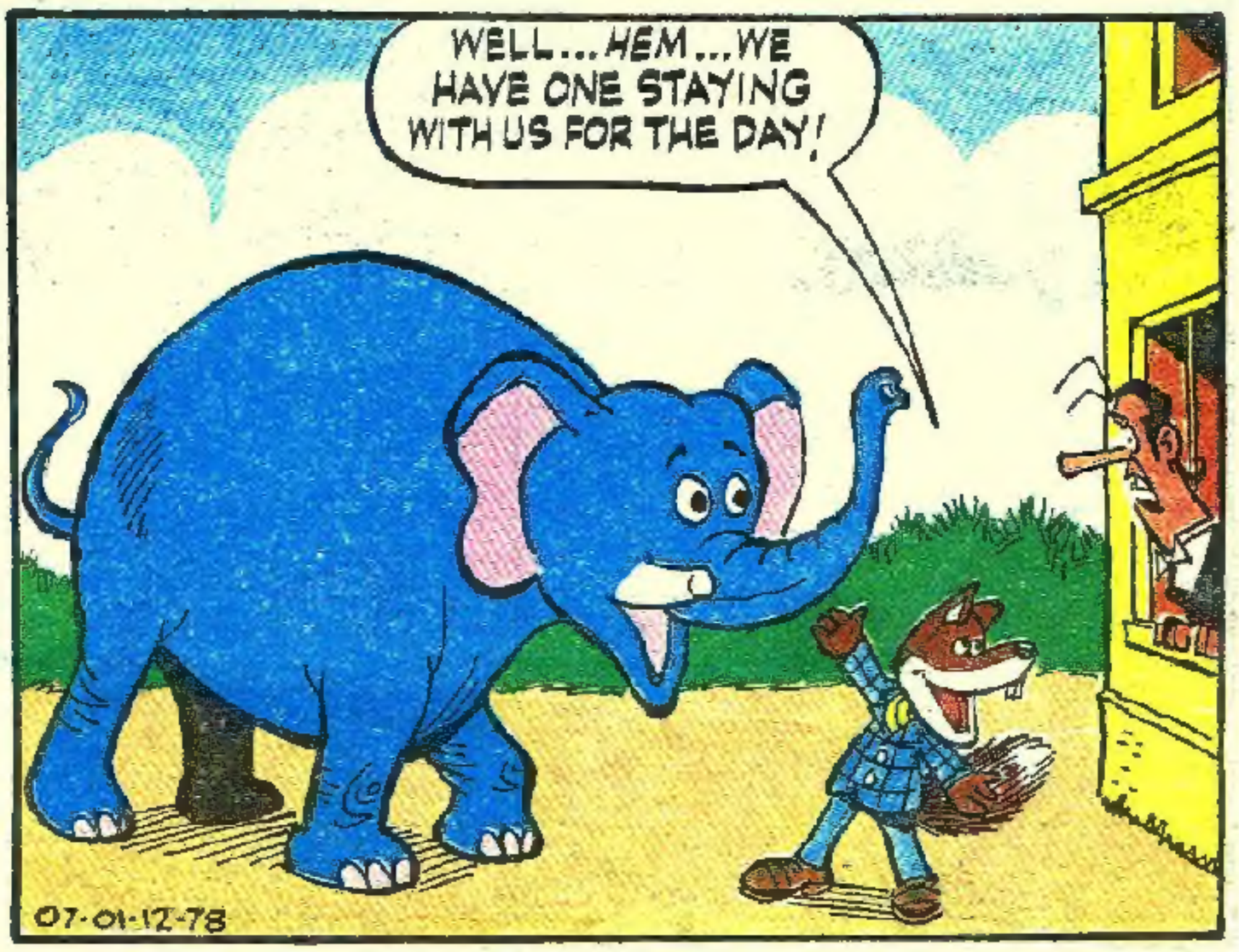
Every Friday. 1st December, 1978

TV COMIC

Number 1407

BASIL BRUSH





Continued overleaf . . .

THE CIRCUS FOLK ARE MOVING INTO THEIR WINTER QUARTERS AND THEY ASKED ME TO LOOK AFTER ELLY BECAUSE SHE CAN BE A ... ER ... BIT OF A NUISANCE!

OH, NO! ME WASHIN'!

WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR, YOU GREAT, USELESS HULK!

'ELP!

SHE'S ONLY TRYING TO BE FRIENDLY!

YOW!

HEH-HEH! IT'S ONE OF HER LITTLE GAMES!

EITHER SHE GOES OR I DO!

OH, DEAR! I'D BETTER TAKE HER WALKIES!

I'LL TAKE HER ACROSS THE FIELD WHERE SHE CAN'T GET UP TO ANY MISCHIEF!

SOON...

BUSY, MISTER FORRESTER?

I'LL SAY!

I MUST ADMIT, SHE DOES HAVE SOME RATHER NAUGHTY HABITS!

TUG!

THIS IS SMASHING! YOU CAN HAVE A SHARE OF THE PROFITS, BASIL!

I'LL BUY SOME BUNS FOR ELLY! SHE'S HAVING A SUPER TIME!

THESE CHRISTMAS TREES ARE READY FOR THE SHOPS BUT THE GROUND'S SO HARD, IT'LL TAKE HOURS TO DIG THEM UP!

IDEA!

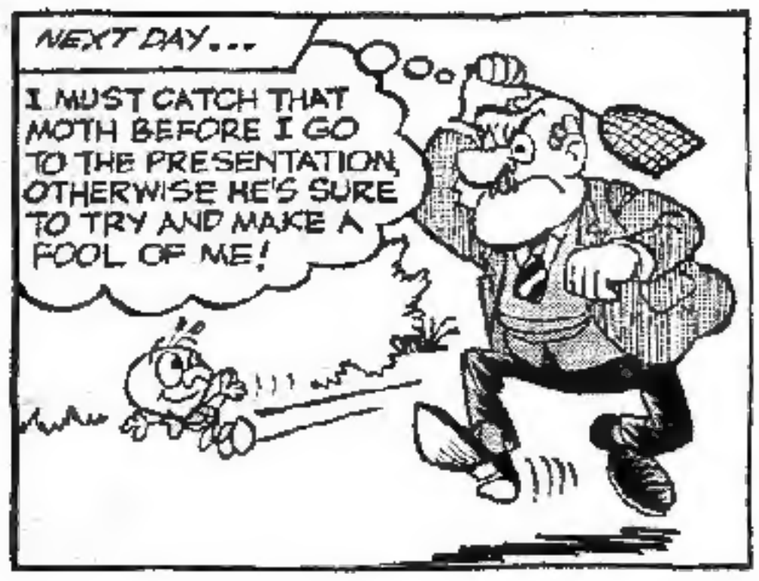
TUG!

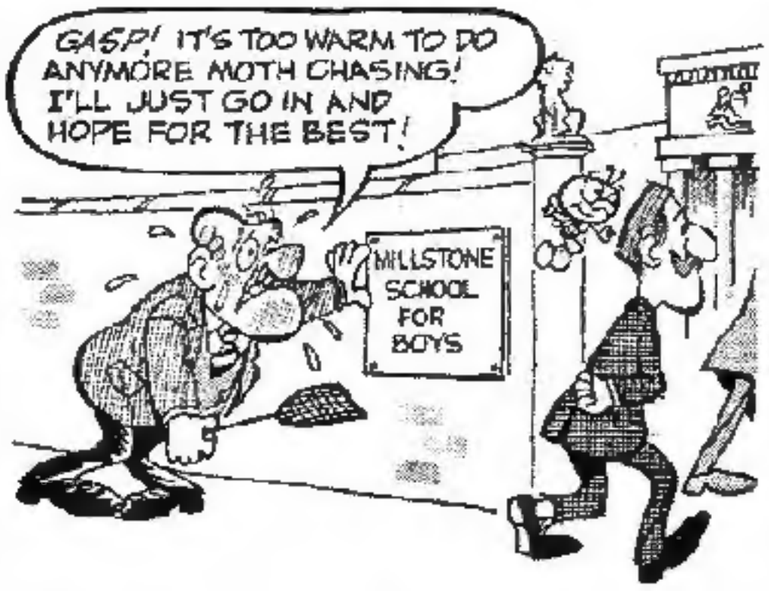
07-01-12-78

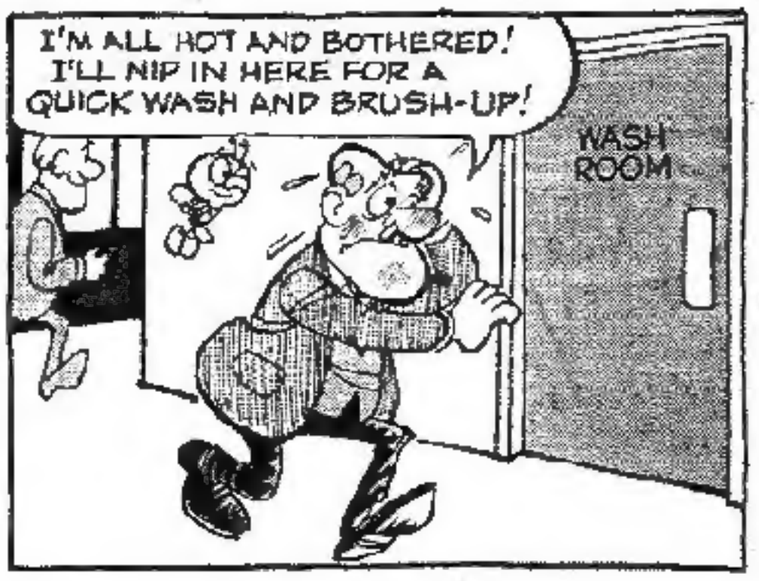
MIGHTY MOTH

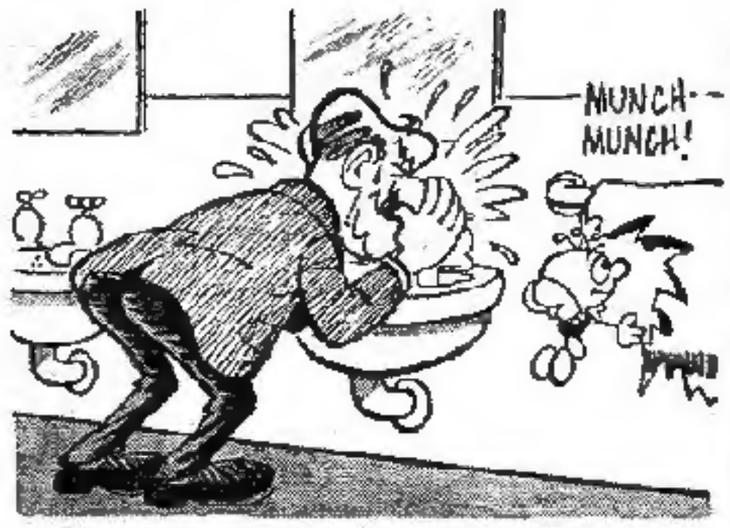
WHO'S THE LETTER FROM?
IT'S FROM THE OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION OF THE SCHOOL I WENT TO AS A LAD!

OUR OLD HEADMASTER, DOCTOR GRYPE HAS REACHED HIS 90TH BIRTHDAY AND I'VE BEEN INVITED TO THE PRESENTATION TOMORROW.


NEXT DAY...
I MUST CATCH THAT MOTH BEFORE I GO TO THE PRESENTATION, OTHERWISE HE'S SURE TO TRY AND MAKE A FOOL OF ME!

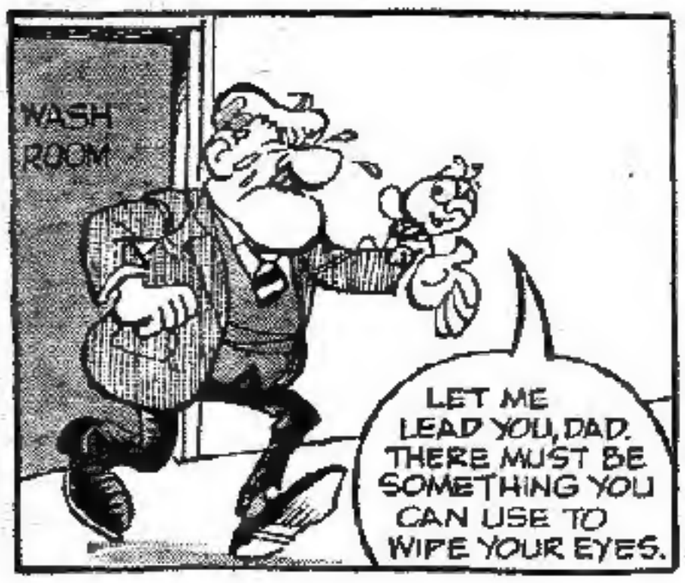

GASP! IT'S TOO WARM TO DO ANYMORE MOTH CHASING! I'LL JUST GO IN AND HOPE FOR THE BEST!
MILLSTONE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

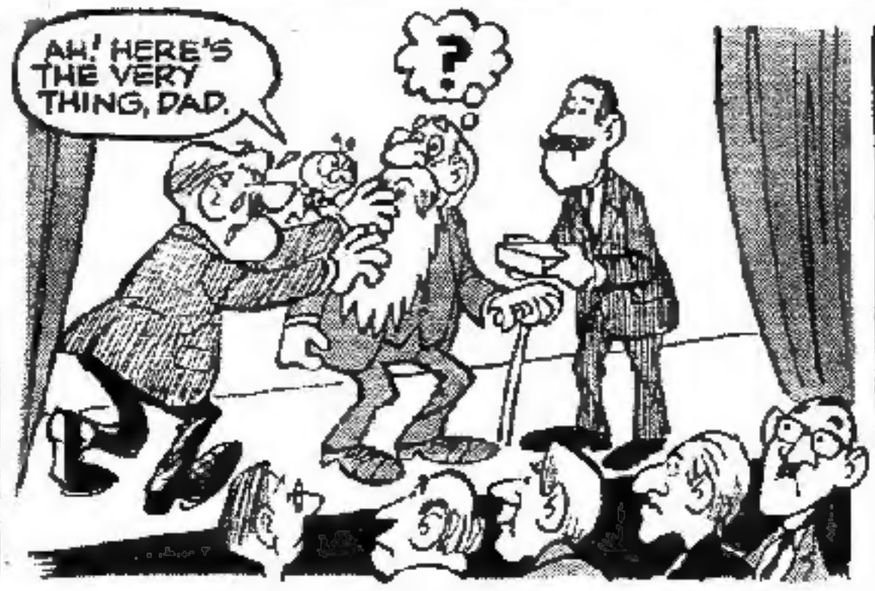

I'M ALL HOT AND BOTHERED! I'LL NIP IN HERE FOR A QUICK WASH AND BRUSH-UP!
WASH ROOM

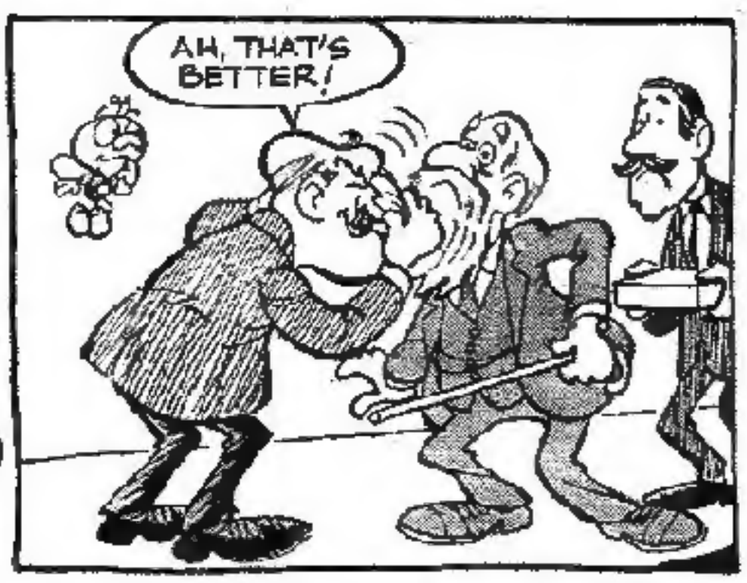

MUNCH--MUNCH!

HEY, WHERE'S THE TOWEL? I HAVE SOAP IN MY EYES!

ER... SORRY, DAD - I'VE EATEN IT!


WASH ROOM
LET ME LEAD YOU, DAD. THERE MUST BE SOMETHING YOU CAN USE TO WIPE YOUR EYES.


AH! HERE'S THE VERY THING, DAD.
?


AH, THAT'S BETTER!

DOCTOR GRYPE!
I REMEMBER YOU! YOU WERE A BAD MANNERED BOY AND YOU OBVIOUSLY HAVEN'T CHANGED!
07.01.12.78

WHACK! WHACK
HOWL! YOWL!
I SHALL DEAL WITH YOU NOW AS I DEALT WITH YOU THEN!
HA! HA! WHAT A LAUGH!
I THOUGHT THIS WAS GOING TO BE BORING!
EXIT

PINK PANTHER

TO GO HIKING IN THE WINTER YOU NEED A PAIR OF REALLY STRONG BOOTS!

BUT JUST LOOK AT THE PRICE OF THEM! I'M ONLY GOING TO OFFER *HALF* THAT!

£16

Jim

I'LL GIVE YOU EIGHT POUNDS FOR THEM!

YOU'RE JOKING! THESE ARE WORTH EVERY PENNY OF SIXTEEN POUNDS!

HAGGLE! HAGGLE!

ALL RIGHT! YOU WIN! GIVE ME EIGHT POUNDS FOR 'EM! ANYTHING TO GET RID OF YOU!

SEE! I GOT THEM FOR *HALF* PRICE!

SOON...

I NEED TO CROSS THE RIVER - I'LL GIVE YOU TEN PENCE TO TAKE ME!

EH?

FERRY 20P

LUCY

AFTER A LONG HAGGLE...

OKAY! GIVE ME TEN PENCE AND GET IN!

LUCY

07 01 12 78

SEE! IT ALWAYS PAYS TO OFFER *HALF*!

RIGHT! WE'RE *HALF* WAY ACROSS! THIS IS WHERE YOU GET OFF!

BRRR! IT AIN'T *HALF* COLD IN THIS RIVER!

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THE INCREDIBLE BULK

"SPOTTY" HERBERT'S DAD WORKED IN A CHEMICAL LAB! ONE DAY HIS BOSS LOOKED IN TO SEE HOW HE WAS DOING!.....

MICROBES I SUPPOSE! WHICH HAVE BEEN MAGNIFIED AND HOPPED OFF THE SLIDE!

AARGH! WHAT ARE THOSE?

GLOOP!

SLITHER!

I'VE BEEN FEEDING THEM WITH THIS CHEMICAL THAT I'VE BEEN DEVELOPING FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS!

TOOT!

IDIOT!

AND SO....

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE INVENTING A CHEMICAL TO GET RID OF 'EM NOT MAKE 'EM GROW! TIP THAT STUFF AWAY AND START ALL OVER AGAIN!

SPOTTY'S DAD DIDN'T LIKE TO SEE YEARS OF RESEARCH AND HARD WORK GO DOWN THE DRAIN AND SO WHEN IT CAME TO LUNCH TIME!.....

BOGGLY RESEARCH CENTRE

IF IT MADE THOSE MICROBES GROW IT CAN DO THE SAME FOR MY MARROWS!

IF MY MARROWS GROW LIKE THOSE MICROBES THEY'LL BE AS BIG AS AIRSHIPS!.

KOFF! CHOKE! SPLUTTER! MUTTER!

WATCH IT DAD! THAT STUFF'S GOING ALL OVER ME!

WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' IN THE MARROWS LAD?

SOME KID SAID HE SAW A LADYBIRD WITH MORE SPOTS THAN I'VE GOT!

IMPOSSIBLE, SON! HURRY UP OR YOU'LL BE LATE FOR AFTERNOON SCHOOL!

THAT AFTERNOON AT THE START OF CLASS!

HAS SOMEONE GOT A STINKBOMB IN THEIR POCKET?

IT'S SPOTTY HERBERT! SIR!

SPOTTY WAS DISMISSED AND TOLD TO GET RID OF IT QUICK!....

CLASS 3B

MR FLOGG

I HAVEN'T GOT A STINK BOMB, ONLY MY FAVOURITE SHERBERT IN MY POCKET!

DER! I HEARD DAT CRACK! NOBODY'S GOIN' TO GIVE ME ANY STICK ROUND HERE ANYMORE!

MR FLOGG

HEH! HEH! LUCKY THE STUFF DAD SQUIRTED DIDN'T GET ON MY SHERBERT!

SUCK! SUCK! SUCK!

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE CORRIDOR? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HERBERT?

RUMBLE! RUMBLE!

YOU GOING TO GIVE HIM THE STICK WHEN HE COMES BACK, SIR?

IF YOU THINK THIS IS INCREDIBLE! WAIT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT WEEK!.....

Starcruiser 1. A 4-module spaceship. Purpose: interstellar exploration.

Main module: laser-fusion motors. Free-space speed 170,000 miles per second. (Nearly lightspeed.) Defence equipment includes twin wingtip pods.

Command module: controls all Starcruiser's functions. Can detach to fly by itself.

Command base module: a mobile pod with caterpillar tracks for most planetary terrains. Holds lab, scientists, crawler survey vehicle.

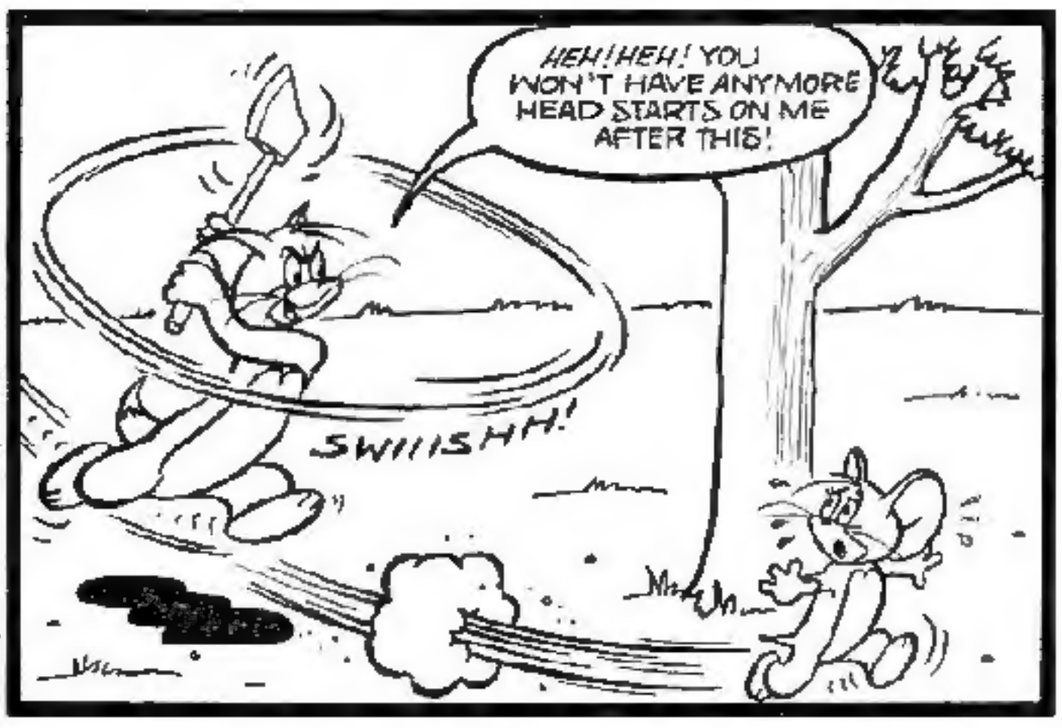
Interceptor module: Starcruiser's monatomic hydrogen-powered attack vehicle. Flies manually or on main-module remote-control. Weapon load: four disposable pods.

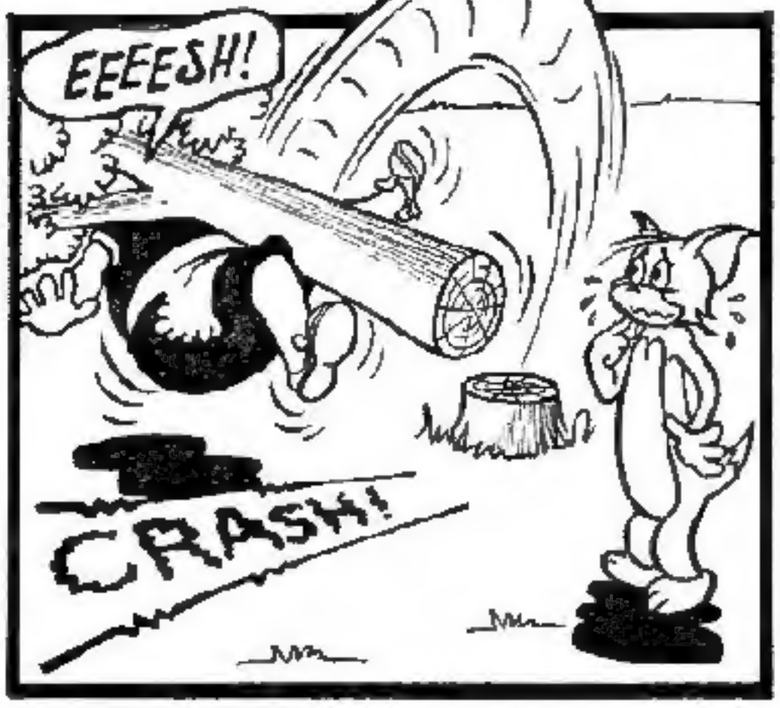
And you can build it all. With the new Airfix Starcruiser kit. Forty-four parts that you can either glue together, or simply clip together.

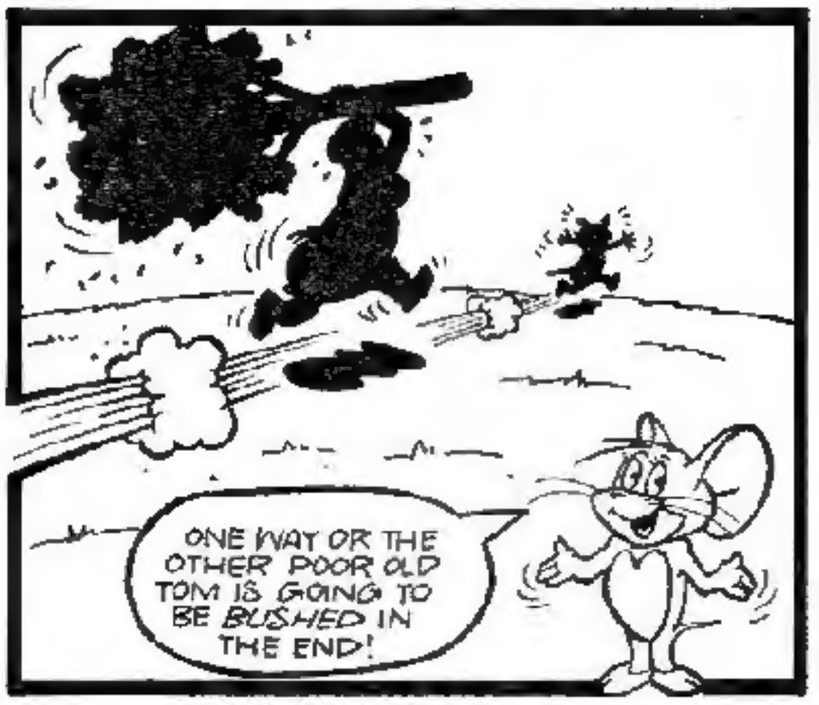
Whichever way you do it, it's adventure all the way.

AIRFIX

TOM and JERRY







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A few years ago, my dad bought a rubber dinghy and we took it on holidays with us when we went to Whitstable. As my dad was about to get into the dinghy he got knocked over by a wave and landed flat on his face. Soon after a lady told us that sewage was being pumped into the sea in that area. Since then we haven't been to Whitstable again!

Neil Hutchings, Kent.

Now that's what I call a 'dirty' joke. Thanks for writing, Neil! Editor

Letterbox

We want to hear from you—The Readers! Any short stories about experiences while on holiday, out with friends, or something that happened at home. In fact, just about anything! Keep the letters short and drop in a picture of yourself. There's a £1 postal order for anything published! Write to: TV COMIC Letterbox, 382-386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

When my friend John King was staying with us, he broke his newly capped front tooth, so he went to my dentist. The receptionist filled in the details as follows . . . Name: King John. Complaint: Crown came off. I thought this was very funny and that you would like to hear about it. I read TV COMIC every week and I enjoy it very much.

Iain Taylor, Scotland.

I like a laugh, Iain, and that's a funny story! Although not for poor John. My regards to you both.
Editor

I would like to tell you about my nutty sister who went to an interview for a job as a telephonist. The interview was going perfectly until the man asked her why she wanted the job. She gave a quick smile and said, "I'm interested in other people's conversations!"

Beth Davies, Surrey.

I hope your sister has managed to get a job by now, Beth, in spite of her clever replies. Thanks for sharing the joke with us!
Editor.

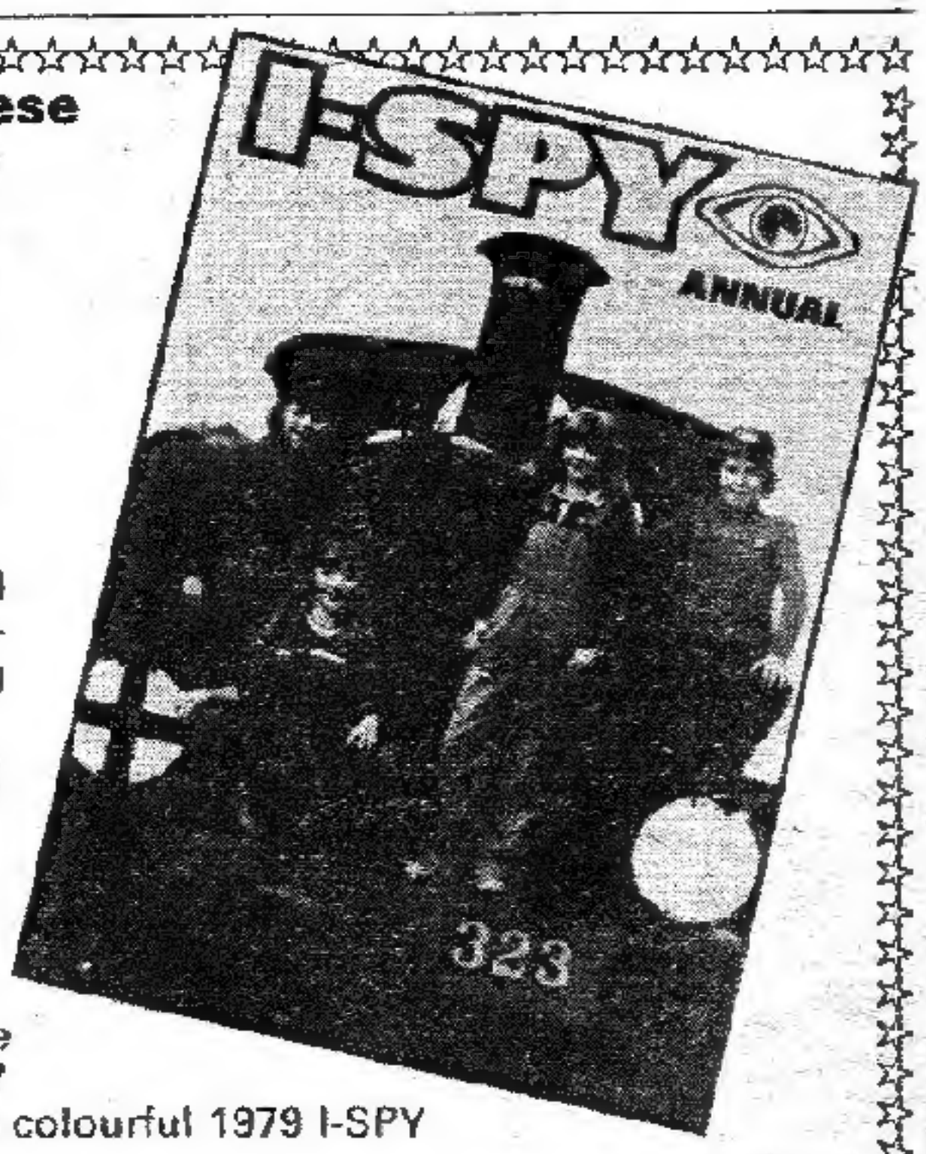
Keep an eye open for these two super annuals . . .

It's bumper fun time with the great new TV COMIC ANNUAL . . . Starring top TV COMIC funsters!

★ Laugh with Basil Brush, Mighty Moth, Bugs Bunny, the Pink Panther and other fun favourites . . .

★ There is a super crossword too . . . plus action adventure with the time-travelling Dr Who!

★ All in the TV COMIC ANNUAL—on sale now!



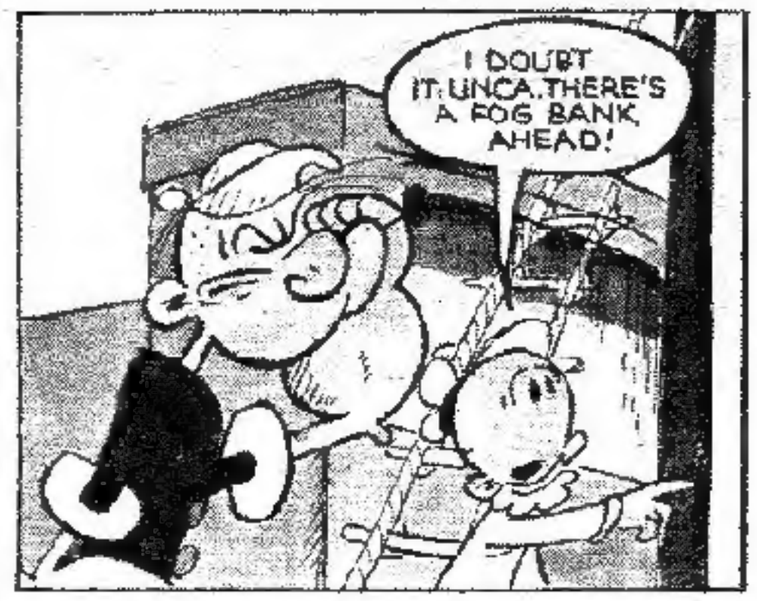
I-SPY lots to learn and do!

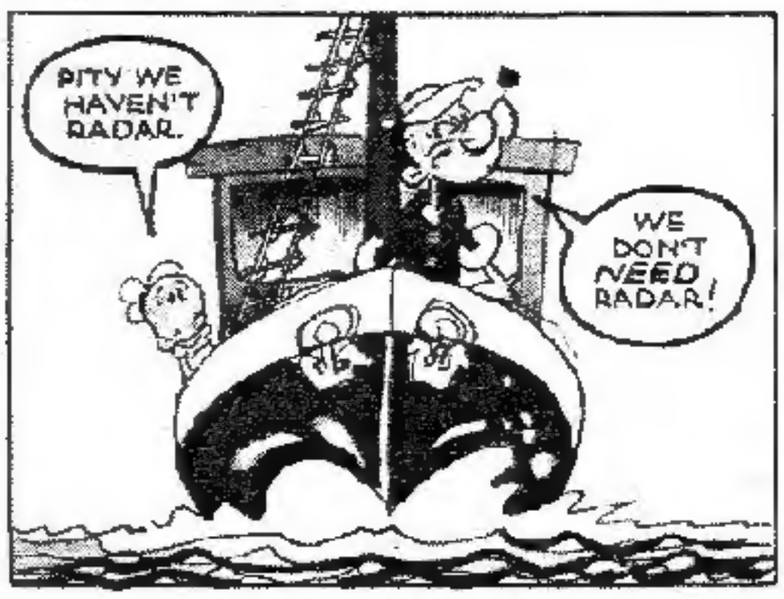
★ Have you ever wondered what a Gloucester Old Spot is, or how to become a professional footballer? Then get your copy of the colourful 1979 I-SPY annual right away!

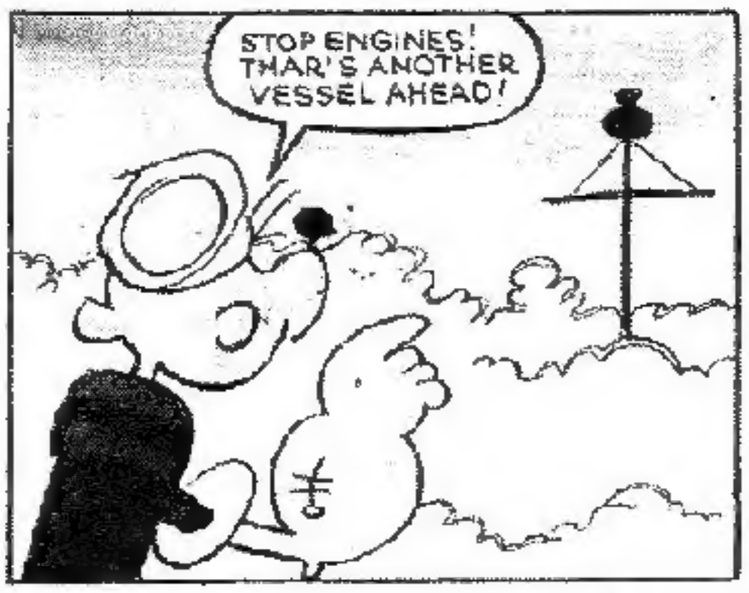
★ It's crammed with facts, features and fascinating photos on everything from fossils to fish; from a windmill to a wheelhouse; from stamps to steam!

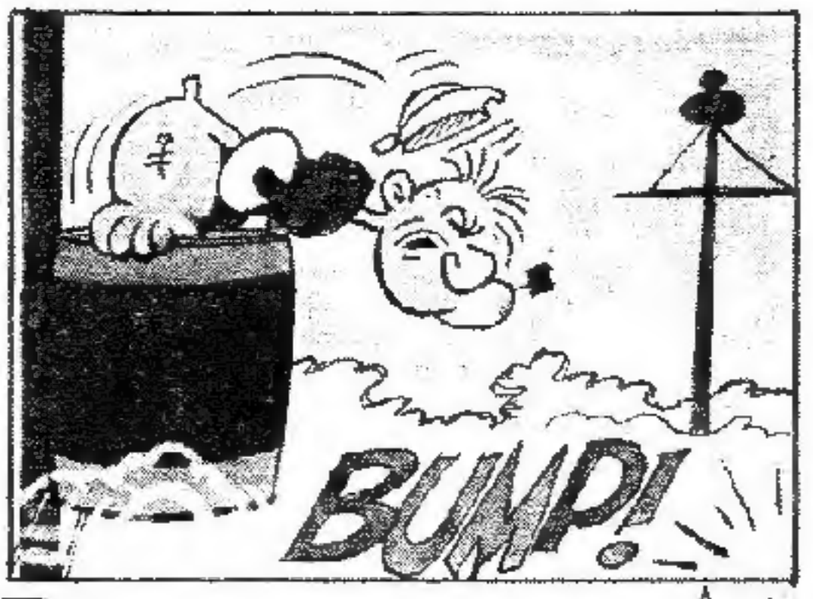
★ I-SPY this annual in bookshops and newsagents now!

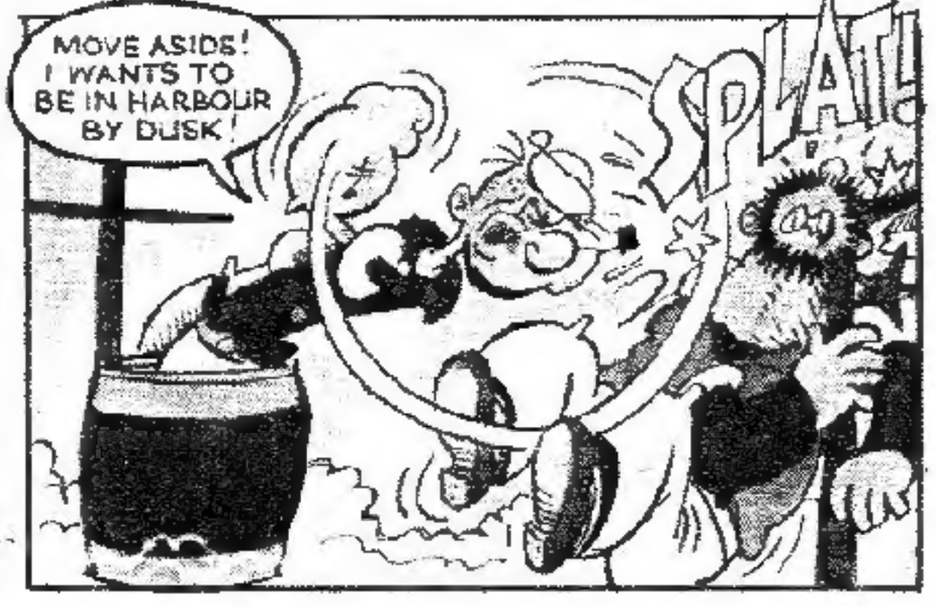
The 1979 TV COMIC annual and the 1979 I-SPY annual—Price £1.40 each from newsagents and bookshops.

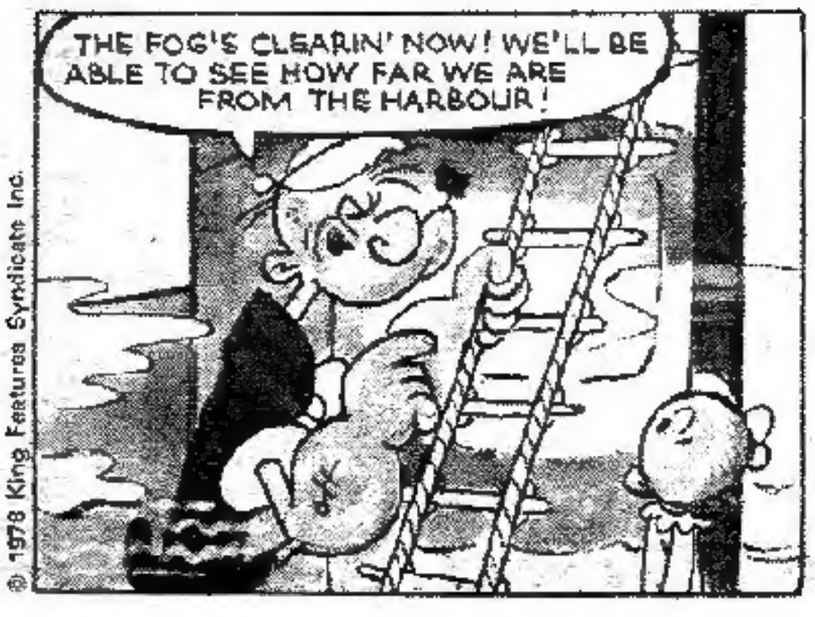


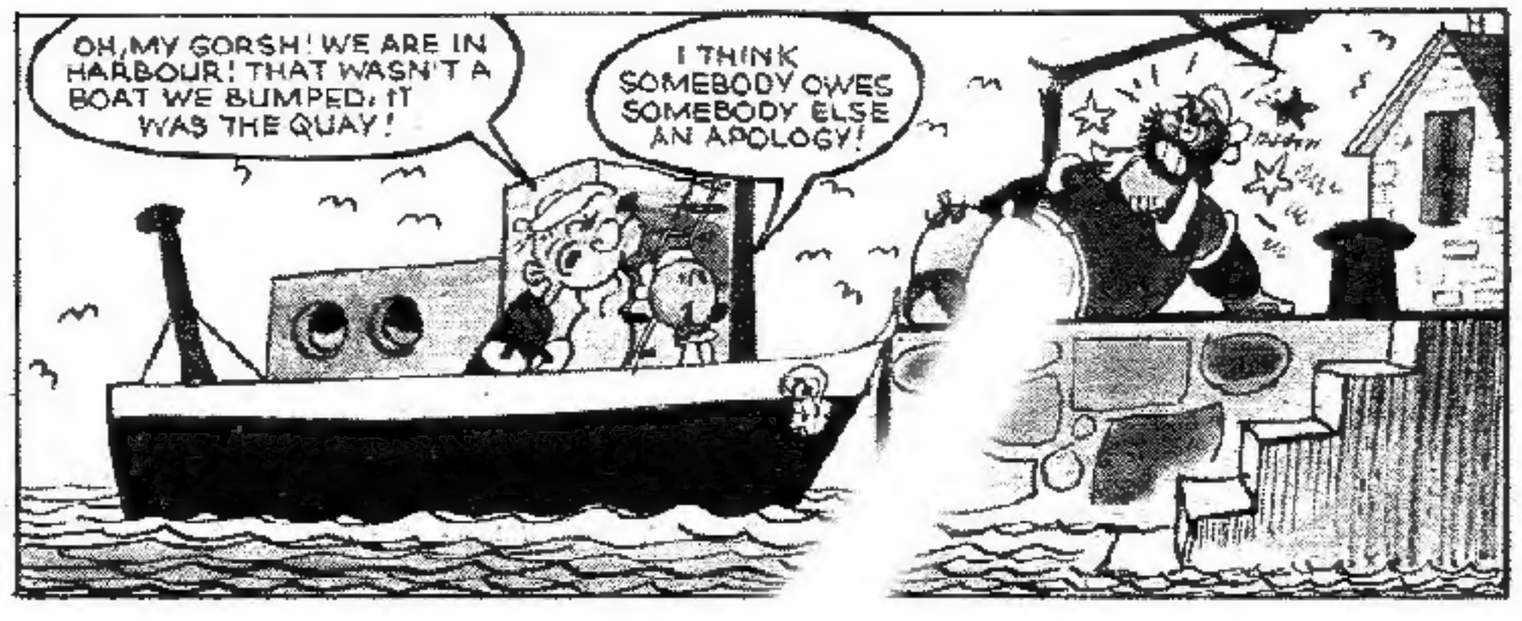












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Quicksand poses a slippery problem for . . .

CHARLIE'S ANGELS

DID A WALKING EGYPTIAN MUMMY CAUSE LUCY DEAN TO FALL INTO A RIVER AND DROWN ? CHARLIE'S ANGELS INVESTIGATE...BUT THE MUMMY VANISHES ABOVE QUICKSAND INTO WHICH SABRINA FALLS...

KRIS SNATCHED UP AN OLD OAR...

I'M SINKING! IT WAS A TRAP...THE MUMMY LURED ME! QUICK!

HANG ON! DON'T GIVE IN, 'BRI!

PULL! PULL!

AFAR, AN EERIE SHAPE GLIDED...

PHEEW, I'M GLAD I PUT MY OAR IN!

LOOK... OVER THERE! THE MUMMY AGAIN! IT'S WALKING!

I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M CARRYING THIS GUN. MY BULLET PASSED CLEAN THROUGH IT BEFORE!

THE MUMMY *FLOATED* OVER THE QUICKSAND. I DIDN'T!

LIZ RENFREW OWNED EGYPT HOUSE...

LIKE I SAID, THIS SARCOPHAGUS IS EMPTY. THE MUMMY OF THE HIGH PRIEST TALAKEN JUST VANISHED! DID IT *WALK*?

FOOTPRINTS...OR WHATEVER MUMMIES MAKE. IT'S UNCANNY! THEY MEAN WEIGHT!

I'LL CONTACT KELLY AND BOSLEY. THEY'RE STILL AT THE HOUSE!

HANG ON... A SIGNAL! THINGS ARE HAPPENING!

07 · 01 · 12 · 78

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THE MUMMY'S BEEN SEEN HEADING FOR THE HOUSE! KRIS SAYS SO. COME ON!

THIS I COULD LIVE WITHOUT. IN A BIG WAY!

NOTHING PASSED US!

WE SAW IT... TWICE! IF I LOOK SHAKEN IT'S BECAUSE I AM!

YUURRRRK! I'VE TRIPPED...

SEARCH FOR A MUMMY FIGURE BOSLEY, STOP PLAYING ABOUT!

AS BOSLEY STAGGERED UPRIGHT

YEEEEK! OH, NO! WHY DO I HAVE TO SEE IT .. BY MYSELF?

... CLEAN THROUGH! F-FORGOSHSAKE ..!

THEY RE-ENTERED THE HOUSE...

THE HIGH PRIEST TALAKEN! HE... HE'S COME BACK!

G-GONE! LIKE SMOKE. I WISH I COULD!

I SAW IT! I DID!

BOSLEY, WE BELIEVE YOU. DON'T GET BUGGED!

07·01·12·78

Next week: Secrets of the Sarcophagus!

Complications for . . .

DR WHO

The Doctor is aboard a huge Thoxian spacecraft carrying the sleeping survivors of a dead planet. The crew has been reduced to one present astronaut named Alto. But the last action of Captain Marun was to release one of the sleepers so that, in the event of Alto's death, the sleepers can decide their own fate. Learning that the awakened man is a difficult character Alto plans to terminate his existence, before full consciousness returns. However when they reach the same Cryoderm

SO WHAT HAPPENS NOW, OLD FRIEND? YOU CAN HARDLY WALK AROUND THE SHIP ON A MANHUNT

YOU ARE RIGHT, DOCTOR TO TERMINATE THE LIFE OF A CONSCIOUS MAN IS BEYOND ME.

WE MUST FIND HIM QUICKLY AND USE ALL PERSUASION TO MAKE HIM SEE THE RIGHT COURSE OF ACTION

WHICH IS WHAT?

IT IS HIS DUTY TO BECOME MY DEPUTY AND FOLLOW THE FLIGHT PLAN THAT THE COUNCIL LAID DOWN FOR US

MEANWHILE IN THE EMPTY CONTROL AREA OF THE MASSIVE SHIP, ZEROS HAS NOT BEEN IDLE

PLANET 872 ATMOSPHERE GOOD RESOURCES GOOD ANIMAL LIFE RICH AND VARIED INTELLIGENT LIFE EXISTENT BUT LOW INTELLECT...

THAT MAKES SEVENTEEN PLANETS SUITABLE AND ALL REJECTED ON THIS FLIMSY PRINCIPLE OF INTERFERING WITH A LOWER CULTURE!

HE ALSO MAKES ANOTHER STARTLING DISCOVERY...

ESTIMATED RESOURCES LEFT 80·6 DIFO UNITS...

EXPLODING METEORS! NOT ONLY IS THE FUTURE OF OUR RACE RELIANT ON THE SENILE WHIMS OF AN OLD MAN, WE'RE ALSO RUNNING SHORT OF FUEL!

ONE FURTHER PIECE OF INFORMATION IS PRIZED FROM THE PREDICTOR...

ENOUGH TO ARM THE CLONES, WHEN I HAVE ROUSED THEM!

AGES AGO AFTER

AH! SO THERE YOU ARE YOUNG COMRADE

YOU SHOW GREAT CONCERN, COMMANDER IS MY HEALTH IN JEOPARDY?

ER NO YOU SEEMED TO HAVE SURVIVED YOUR LONG SLEEP WELL.

IT HAS NOT IMPAIRED MY MENTAL FACULTIES COMMANDER THE PREDICTOR HAS TOLD ME ALL OF YOUR SAD TALE AND MORE BESIDE.

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SUDDENLY..

IT HAS TOLD ME OF YOUR MISERABLE FAILURE. IT HAS ALSO TOLD ME THAT TIME IS RUNNING OUT!

YOU ACT IN HASTE, MY FRIEND. ALTO HAS FAITHFULLY CARRIED OUT HIS ORDERS ORDERS LAID DOWN BY YOUR COUNCIL!

WHICH ALLOWS HIM TO PROTECT THE POSITION OF SLB STANDARD ALIENS... AND THE RIGHT TO KILL ONE OF HIS OWN PEOPLE!

I HEARD, OLD ONE BUT NOW THE SITUATION IS REVERSED. IT IS YOU WHO HAS TO BE TERMINATED!

I MUST PLAY FOR TIME

AND WHAT OF YOUR PEOPLE, WHAT IS THEIR FATE? ALTO HAS SIMPLY SERVED!

I SHALL RELEASE THEM FROM THEIR SLEEP AND RETURN TO THE CLOSEST, HABITABLE PLANET

YOU WILL DOMINATE WHATEVER CULTURE ALREADY EXISTS? SO BE IT, BUT WHY KILL US?

BECAUSE YOU SERVE THE OLD ORDER AND SOME MIGHT BE PERSUADED TO YOUR WEAK THOUGHT NOW MOVE INTO THE OPEN. I DO NOT WISH TO DAMAGE THE PREDICTOR...

THE DOCTOR MANAGES A WHISPERED MESSAGE TO HIS AGEING COMPANION ..

WHEN I GIVE THE ORDER MAKE FOR THE TARDIS, ALTO!

MOVE INTO THE OPEN AND STOP MUTTERING!

THEN

NOW!

STOP!

AND SO

YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME!

SAFE INSIDE THE TARDIS.

MMM...?

IS THIS THE END THEN? DO I ALLOW MYSELF TO ESCAPE INTO SPACE LEAVING THEM TO THEIR PLIGHT?

MY DEAR SIR I HAVE NO INTENTION OF DOING THAT! TIME IS AGAINST US BUT I THINK WE MIGHT STILL DEFEAT THAT UNPLEASANT FELLOW!

Next week: The final journey!

READ THIS BEFORE IT FALLS INTO ENEMY HANDS.

90p SUPER SPY GUN
Barrel and revolving chamber hinge forward for fast loading.
Ammunition: 12-shot ring caps
In the interests of international security these are not posted to you with the gun.
It measures 6" x 4", so it's small enough to keep up your sleeve on secret missions
DOUBLE AGENTS SUPER SPY GUN OFFER, BOX 265 PC, HENDON ROAD, SUNDERLAND SR9 9X2. Please allow 28 days for delivery
The offer applies to the UK only (Eire and Northern Ireland excluded) and if you are under 16, a Parent or Guardian must sign below
☐Boy ☐Girl ☐Age.
Signature
Name
Address
Arm yourself with this metal spy gun for 90p, it's normally £1.20 in the shops.
Just buy any two tubes of Trebor Double Agents, carefully cut off the outside wrappers, and get a 90p postal order or cheque (cash and stamps are not acceptable).
Then post them off, either with this coupon or the coupon from a 'Spy Gun Offer' Double Agents pack.
The address to send them is:
TVC
TREBOR LIMITED REF 3 NO 91528 WOODFORD GREEN ESSEX ENGLAND
DOUBLE AGENTS
TREBOR

BUGS BUNNY Presents

'Cold Comfort!'

I WIKE A CWOLD BWATH IN THE MWORNING BUT THE WATER IS *FWOZEN* OVER!

HAVE A COLD *SHOWER* INSTEAD, CANARY! *YUK! YUK!*

HWELP! IT'S WAT WOTTEN PUTEY-TAT!

WHOOOSH!

TSK! TSK! THE WATER MUST HAVE BEEN *TOO* COLD! THE POOR BIRDIE'S ALL *ICICLES!*

VASH!

THERE, BIRDIE! YOU CAN ER.. *THAW* OUT IN THE OVEN! *SNIGGER!*

THWANK W-WOO, PUTEY-T-TAT!

SIGH! I'LL JUST HAVE A LITTLE CAT-NAP UNTIL BREAKFAST IS READY!

DURN! WHAT DOES THAT BIRDIE WANT NOW?

KNOCK! KNOCK

IT WISN'T VEWWY *HWOT* IN HERE, PUTEY-TAT! I THWINK THWE *WELEKTWICITY* IS FINISHED!

WELL, I CAN SOON FIX THAT, CANARY! I'LL PUT ANOTHER COIN IN THE METER.

YIKES! MY PIGGY'S *EMPTY!* I SPENT MY LAST PENNY ON THAT HOSE!

SHAKE! SHAKE!

SILENCE

ER... YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE FIVEPENCE FOR THE *METER* DO YOU, BIRDIE?

OH WES, PUTEY-TAT. I HAVE WOTS AND WOTS AT HOME.

WELL, GO FETCH ONE, CANARY... AND HURRY BACK!

ALL WIGHT, PUTEY-TAT!

YEEAGH! WHAT AM I SAYING? THE BIRDIE'S GONE!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, CAT!

DONG!

YAAAGH!

LUCKY I HAPPENED TO BE PASSING WITH THE COAL FER ME GALLEY, TWEETY PIE!

YES, MR PIRATE! LUCKY *FOR ME!* YOUR *COALED BWATH* DWIDN'T DO THE PUTEY-TAT ANY *GWOOD!* IT KNOCKED HIM *CWOLD!* HWO-HWO!

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A watery escape for . . .

The Kicktail Kid

ON HIS POWER-DRIVEN SKATEBOARD, BUZZ BLAZE—THE KICKTAIL KID—WAS TRYING TO RESCUE DARREN McSHANE, THE YOUNG SON OF A U.S. SENATOR WHO HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED BY A CROOKED SHERIFF AND HIS ACCOMPLICE NEAR THE MOUNT RUSHMORE NATIONAL MEMORIAL IN DAKOTA. BUT THINGS WENT WRONG, AND NOW...

SO LONG, FELLA TO COIN A PHRASE AH RECKON YOU'RE SUNK! HA, HA, HA!

YAA-AARRGH!

SPLOOM!

GLUUGH! BUZZ BABY, YOU GOT 'BOUT TWO MINUTES LEFT TO LIVE UNLESS...

A PILE OF JUNK! THE JAGGED END OF THAT OL' BED-STEAD MIGHT JUST BE SHARP ENOUGH TO SAW THROUGH MY BONDS!

HANDS FREE! NOW FOR THIS DRATTED WHEEL ROUND MY FEET!

NOW I REALLY GOTTA MOVE! MAKE A FAST CHANGE AN' RIDE THEM CREEPS INTO THE GROUND!

MOMENTS LATER...

HAA-HAA-UUH... NEVER HAS FRESH AIR TASTED QUITE SO SWEET THE BADDIES HAVE VAMOOSED—AN' THEY'VE TAKEN McSHANE WITH 'EM!

BUZZ HAD LEFT HIS SKATCAT BOARD AND GEAR HIDDEN IN THE WOOD! AND MINUTES LATER...

POWER-BOOST MAXIMUM PLUS TEN! GO...GO... GO!

GT·ORTIZ·78

THERE THEY ARE! PALOWSKI OUT IN FRONT ON HIS SPEED-IRON, THE SHERIFF FIFTY YARDS BEHIND! McSHANE MUST BE TIED UP IN THE BACK OF THE CAR!

NO TIME FOR FANCY FRILLS OR SURPRISE MOVES... JES' AN OL' FASHIONED, ALL-OUT... FRONTAL ATTACK!

WHAT-?

AARGH!

THIS IS A 20th CENTURY JOUSTING TOURNAMENT, PAL... AN' AH'M GONNA BLAST YOU CLEAN OUTTA THAT SADDLE!

YEEEE!

SLEEP TIGHT, PALOWSKI!

THROOMP!

HNNGH!

ONE DOWN! NEXT STOP IS TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THAT BENT COP!

BUT...

EMPTY! THAT CROOKED SHERIFF MUST HAVE TAKEN McSHANE AN' MADE A RUN FOR IT ON FOOT...

...STRAIGHT UP THE SIDE OF MOUNT RUSHMORE ITSELF!

07-01-2-78

Next week: Action on Mount Rushmore!

DROOPY

AT THE OFFICES OF 'THE CLARION'...

A GOOD REPORTER, EH? YOU'LL NEED TO BE A MAGICIAN YOURSELF TO MAKE AN EXCITING STORY OUT OF THIS!

JUST LEAVE IT TO ME, CHIEF!

MARVO THE MAGICIAN NIGHTLY AT THE STARDROME

AT THE LOCAL THEATRE...

FROM THE 'CLARION', YOU SAY! YOU'D BETTER WATCH IT. MARVO DOESN'T LIKE REPORTERS!

DON'T WORRY, I CAN HANDLE HIM!

SO...

COME CLEAN, MARVO. HOW ABOUT THE INSIDE STORY ON HOW YOU TRICK THE PUBLIC?

TRICK THE PUBLIC?

USE YOUR WORDS CAREFULLY, SMALL-FRY!

G-GULP!

OKAY, SO IT'S A GOOD TRICK. I F-FEEL A BIT DIZZY. I'D BETTER SIT DOWN.

TRICK?

PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO *RAISE* YOUR OPINION OF MY MAGIC!

ERRRRK! I D-DON'T BELIEVE IT!

HEEEEEELP! PUT ME DOWN THIS INSTANT!

IF YOU INSIST...

NOW, PERHAPS YOU WILL REPORT MY GIFTS ACCURATELY!

OOOMPH!

THUMP!

I'VE GIVEN YOU MORE THAN ENOUGH OF MY MAGIC, I THINK IT'S TIME I...

THIS GUY IS THE GREATEST. WHAT A STORY!

DISAPPEARED!

H-HE'S V-VANISHED! GEE! I MUST GET THIS BACK TO 'THE CLARION' AT ONCE!

POOF!

BUT...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CHIEF? HEY!

RIP!

YOU'RE FIRED! I CAN'T USE A *TALL STORY* LIKE THAT!

SIGH! YOU JUST CAN'T WIN!

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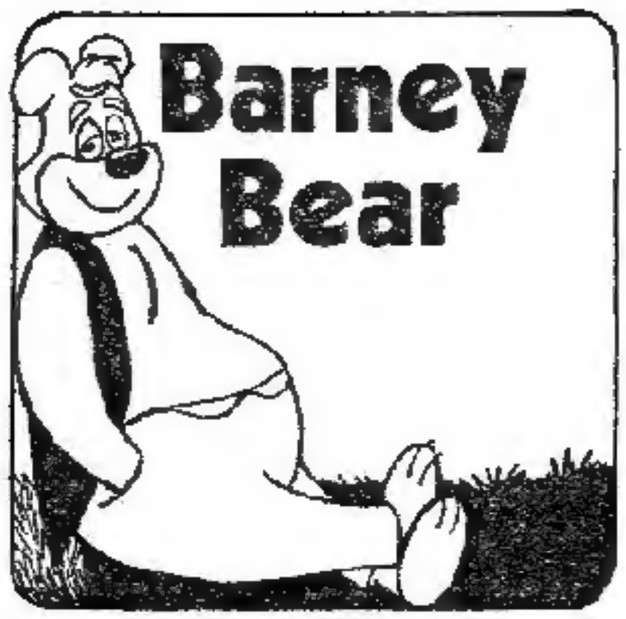
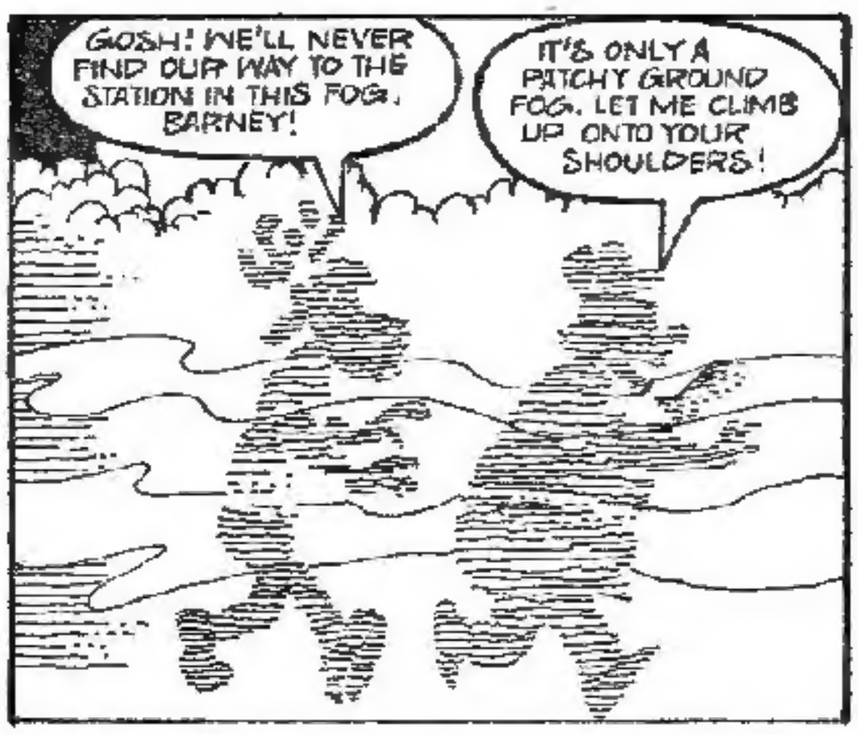
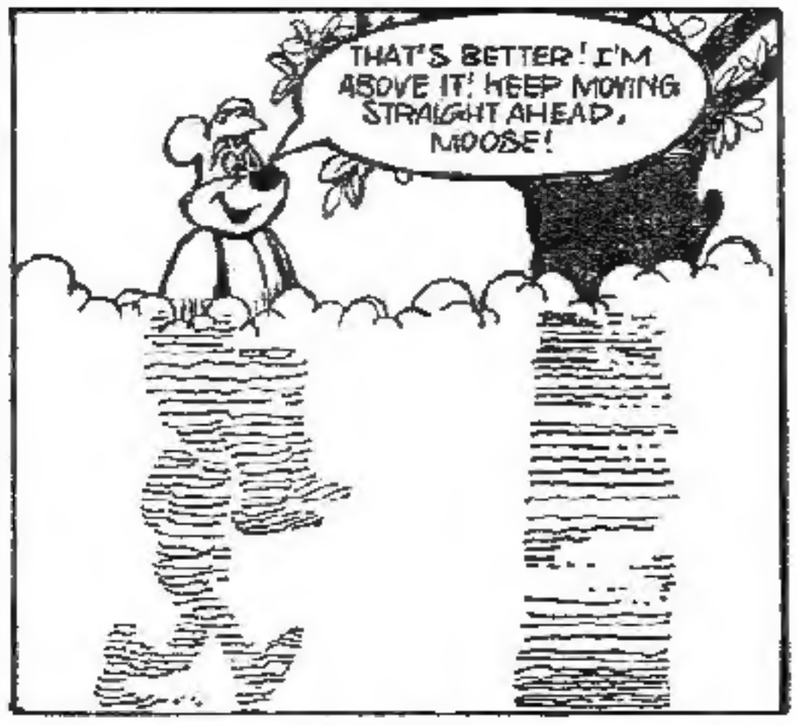
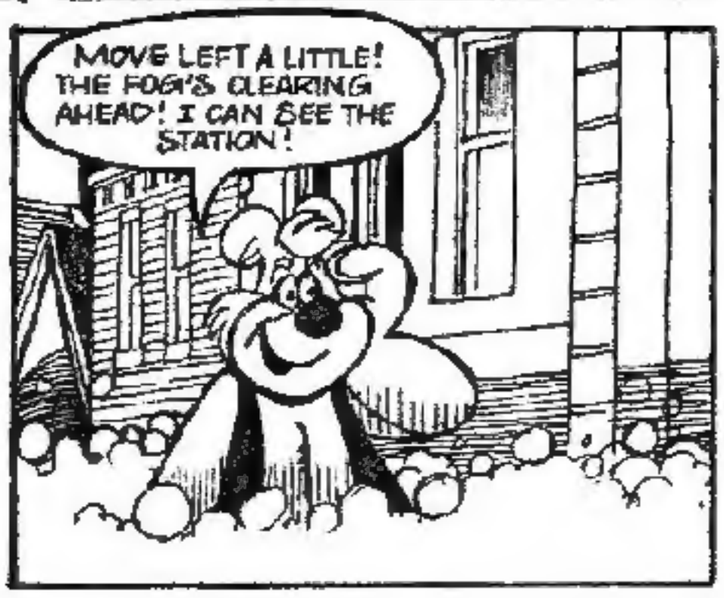
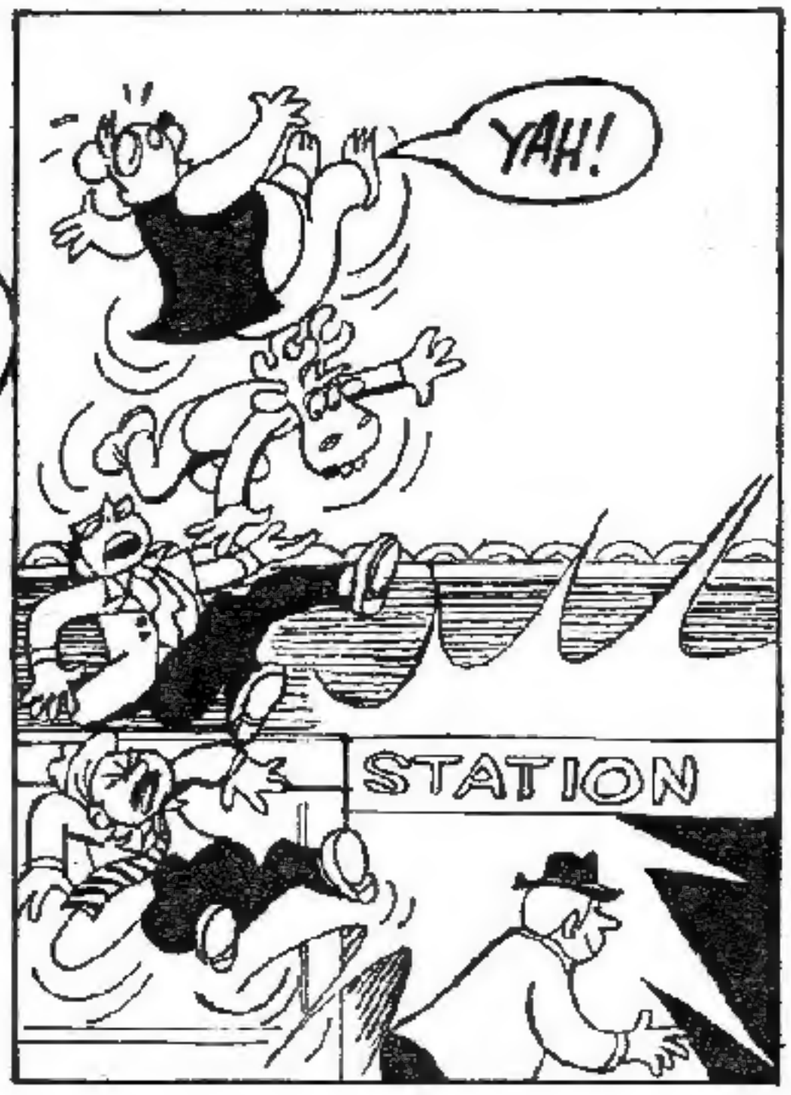
Barney Bear




GOSH! WE'LL NEVER FIND OUR WAY TO THE STATION IN THIS FOG, BARNEY!
IT'S ONLY A PATCHY GROUND FOG. LET ME CLIMB UP ONTO YOUR SHOULDERS!







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BUZBY

BUZBY

HALLO, MUM! THIS IS YOUR LITTLE BOY, BUZBY!

HALLO, SON, NICE OF YOU TO CALL, BUT...

BUZBY

... YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE BOTHERED...

BOTHER? IT'S NO BOTHER RINGING YOU, MUM!

YOU KNOW I ALWAYS RING YOU ON A SATURDAY!

YES, AND VERY NICE IT IS, TOO, BUT...

BUZBY

NOTHING WILL STOP ME RINGING MY MUM ON A SATURDAY!

I KNOW, BUT...

BUZBY

IF I WERE LOST IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT, SOMEHOW I'D GET TO A 'PHONE!

TELEPHONE

"... I'D FACE HURRICANES..."

"... RAGING TORRENTS..."

"... PACKS OF HUNGRY WOLVES..."

MUSH! MUSH!

... JUST TO GET TO A 'PHONE AND RING MY MUM!

BUZBY

07·01 12 78

MEVIN

YES, VERY NICE I'M SURE, BUT IT SEEMS A BIT DAFT REALLY...

BUZBY

'SPECIALLY AS I'M STAYING NEXT DOOR FOR THE WEEKEND!

I KNOW, MUM, BUT IT'S THE THOUGHT THAT COUNTS!

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